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THE PERSECUTED SKELLING SEEKS AN ASYLUM IN THE HOUSE OF SIMON VON GRUTER.

HANS THE STRANGER.

PART I.

THE district of Delft has been for ages esteemed at once the most fertile and the most perilously situated portion of southern Holland. The country,

VOL. I.—NO. 51.

flat as a household floor, lies so near the level of the North Sea, that but for the dykes and sluices, which protect the coast like a line of fortifications, it must be submerged at every flood-tide. The rich loamy soil, nevertheless, amply repays

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cultivation; the Meuse, its only river, flows slowly through luxuriant pastures, where the great Flemish cattle, in coats of canvass to defend them from gnats and other insects, graze at ease, by fields of bending corn and laden orchards, interspersed with villages, hamlets, and farm-houses. Almost in the centre stands the old town of Delft, famous for a peal of a thousand bells, for the tomb of a Prince of Orange assassinated long ago, and for having given its name to the common pottery-ware of England.

Town and country have changed but little in appearance since the year 1620, when a broad marsh at the foot of the Sleidar Dyke, now covered with rank weeds and mossy ruins, where the wild cranes build in summer time, was occupied by the fields and homesteads of Adam Ansler and Simon Von Gruter. Adam said that his family was one of the oldest in the province, and could reckon a burgomaster of Delft among its early branches; better than that, Adam himself was well reputed as a kindly neighbour and an honest man, faithful in every relation of life according to his knowledge, and somewhat over-proud and careful of his credit in worldly matters. Adam's father had owned the same farm and was thought a flourishing man, but his wife died early of consumption—the scourge of southern Holland—and he was cut off by a fever in the prime of his days, leaving to his eldest son, Adam, the charge of providing for seven brothers and sisters. Justly and successfully had Adam fulfilled that trust. His four sisters were all creditably married, and his three brothers settled in trades at Delft; and when all was fairly done, he and his old sweetheart, Mauricene Heslick, who had waited for him fifteen years, wedded and established themselves in the old farm-house.

Nobody knew it, but the farm was a poor possession after portioning off the seven. There were debts upon it which Mauricene's dowry was not sufficient to pay; and the pair, already in middle life, had need of all their industry and prudence to support appearances on the impoverished acres. Things were different with their neighbour. Simon Von Gruter had inherited a farm twice the size of Adam's, clear of all incumbrance, from a childless uncle. He had married the daughter of a wealthy burgher of Delft, who, besides her large dowry, had city connexions which gave Simon additional importance in the eyes of his country neighbours. As years went on, the difference in those two farmers' fortunes increased. Simon had two sons, who grew up robust young men, and helped to look after the farm. Numerous and well-to-do relations gathered to harvest field or festive board at his call, with that respect and zeal which generally follow the prosperous, even among their kindred. His cattle multiplied, his money increased, and Delftland reckoned him among its rich men. Meanwhile, Adam's home remained childless. His own and his helpmate's hairs were whitening fast. Of the brothers and sisters he had portioned with so much care and pains, the most promising and thrifty had died away one after another, for their mother's disease was in the family, and those who remained were necessitous, not over provident, and burdened with many children. Their claims on Adam had been frequent, and rarely refused; the farm, encumbered

as it was, did not prosper. Adam's anxiety to conceal his poverty went beyond real prudence at times. His fields were not tilled as they should have been; and one hard winter he was obliged to sell the greater part of his cattle (a Dutch farmer's chief dependance) at ruinously low prices, because the supply was insufficient in his granary. After that his neighbours began to see how things were going; for, to replace the stock in the following spring, Adam was obliged to mortgage half his father's land to Simon Von Gruter, who had now begun to add house to house and field to field in that fashion.

The commerce with the far east, which so greatly enriched Holland in the seventeenth century, was at this period rapidly growing, and hemp for shipping purposes brought large returns to the husbandmen on the low grounds of Delftland. In hopes of retrieving his affairs by one profitable crop, Adam put all the means he could muster in requisition to sow his remaining fields with hemp; but the hopes of this world have many a sword suspended over them. The summer proved dry, the seed was defective, and Adam's crop dwindled away and died. At the beginning of autumn, a pestilence broke out among the cattle. There were few farmers in the province who did not lose some, but Adam's stock perished utterly.

It was a harvest-day, such as comes to the low countries ramparted from the German sea; the sun shone faintly through a thin floating haze, which there was not a breeze to break on the ripe corn, standing still and tall over the level land. On the green meadows, by the broad canals, and in the old-fashioned neatness of the Dutch farmers' homesteads, servant and master, burgher and husbandman, were within doors at the mid-day meal, for it was noon; but Adam Ansler stood alone under the great poplar-tree that overshadowed his dwelling. His musings were sad, for he was looking on his own fields, now bare and blighted. Amid the riches of the harvest, he had nothing to gather in but the fruit of his orchard, and it was not abundant that season. There was not a single cow remaining, and no provision for the long cold winter. Worse than all, Adam felt that his poverty must be known, and he had nearly determined to sell the old house and fields, and remove to some distant village, where he might live and labour far from the sight of those who remembered his former fortunes. Then his eye fell on the mortgaged fields. They were covered with the ripe corn and thriving cattle of Simon Von Gruter, and the man took to comparing what he called his fortunes with those of his prosperous neighbour. How lucky Simon had been! no orphan brothers and sisters were left on his hands to portion. His wife had brought him a great dowry; his sons had grown up to be his help and comfort; his relations were all rich and respectable about him. Thus far all things stood in fair contrast to his own lot; but, in the short-sightedness of human reckoning, Adam overlooked one treasure which enriched his poor state beyond all Simon's wealth, and that was his wife.

Mauricene Heslick was to the common eye a pallid, worn woman, on whom hard work and weak health had brought age before the time, though still comely to see from her meek and cheerful

aspect; a simple woman, moreover, and of small account among her neighbours; but she had sought and found, through many trials, the wisdom that cometh from above. The early resting-places of the woman's heart had been troubled. Her mother died when she was young, and a stranger took her place at hearth and board. Her brothers and sisters had married and scattered away, while she waited for Adam Anslar, with an affection that endured untiringly the chance and change of fifteen years. When at length they came to bear life's burden together, Adam too was weighed in the balance and found wanting. His pride was poorer than she had supposed. His temper did not stand disappointment and adversity so well as she had once believed it would; and, shaken out of every earthly trust, her soul at last cast anchor within the veil, and learned to lay up the treasure of its hopes in heaven. Cheerfully and easily as one on the way to an eternal inheritance did she bear the troubles that beset them; strengthening by word and deed and daily life the less constant spirit of her husband. For years it had been her hope and prayer that he too might be taught the things that belonged to his peace, and that they might behold the promised land together from some Pisgah of their latter days; for though a good and honest man in the ordinary acceptation, though just in all his dealings, and a member of the Reformed church of Holland, Adam Anslar was not a heartfelt and practical Christian. Hence he saw no rainbow in the clouds that darkened overhead; and having built only on the sands of this world, the ruin of his house was great.

"Unlucky, besides, I have been!" muttered he, closing his discontented summary; when a kindly hand was laid on his shoulder, and his wife said:—"Adam, dear, the day wanes, and our dinner is spread within."

"Let it wane," said the man, moodily. "There are few more days or dinners for us here;" and he pointed to the blighted fields.

"The Lord of the harvest will provide for us," said Mauricene; "and it may be, Adam, that this is but a trial of our faith."

"As if we hadn't had trials enough already," grumbled Adam. "Just look at our neighbour Simon. What is he better than us?"

"Dear husband," said Mauricene, "he may be tried in another fashion; and what are we better than many on whom greater misfortunes have fallen? These things are God's doing; let us trust in his wisdom and do the best we can, for nothing in this world is certain."

"Well, wife, it is pretty certain that we have no provisions for the winter, anyway," said the half-angry Adam. "I had hoped to live and die here as my father did, but that can't be;" and he proceeded to unfold his scheme of sale and removal.

"If you think it best, we will rise and go," said the meek Mauricene; "but, Adam, would it not be wiser to mortgage the rest of the land to Simon, all but the orchard and our little meadow? We could live very well on that, with a cow and some winter stores, which the mortgage money would buy; old Simon would be glad of your help, and Dame Gruter has said as much as wishing me to manage her dairy. We could keep our own house

still; it would be a shelter for our old age, and, with the help of God, you might save something to redeem your father's land."

The thought of serving his old neighbour was at first too much for Adam's pride; but he had a large stock of worldly prudence, and the more he thought and reasoned upon it, the more evident became the wisdom of his wife's proposal. Besides, there was a vague hope of regaining his farm, at which the man caught, and at length it was agreed that the pair should proceed to arrange matters with old Simon, when the work of the harvest-day was over, and such a great and busy man might have time to talk with his poor neighbours.

The brief autumn twilight, which in Holland falls like a sudden mist, was brightened by the ruddy blaze of the evening fire, glancing through half-open door and windows, when Adam and his wife came on their humble errand to the dwelling of Simon Von Gruter. It stood in the midst of great green meadows, and was built in the fashion most approved by wealthy Dutch farmers at that period, of two stories, long and narrow, yet occupying an ample space, for the family apartments were in the front of the lower or ground story, while every domestic office, from scullery to cow-house, was included in the rear. The second floor was the granary, in which all the produce of farm, orchard, and dairy, for sale or family consumption, was stored up. Without, the timber walls of the mansion were painted in alternate and precisely measured squares of dark red and white. The pointed gables and high sloping roof were ornamented with great and curious sea-shells at eave and summit; the small windows were of lattice-work, thin polished horn or coloured glass, according to the order of apartment to which they belonged. There was an ample farm and haggard behind, one within the other, but secured only by low walls and wooden gates, for trespass and robbery were scarcely known in Delftland. In front was a court with two poplar-trees, in which the tame storks roosted; a basin-like well, bordered with red and white tiles; and a broad walk, covered with white sand and small glistening sea-shells, led to the principal door, over which the upper story projected, forming a species of verandah with well-scoured wooden seats in it. Close by, an outside stair led up to the granary, but it was kept in a state of perpetual polish, for only the master and dame had the right of ascending that stair, there being another at the back for the more common purposes and people of the household. There were sounds of merry voices and spinning-wheels within, and Adam perceived at the courtyard gate Dame Von Gruter's confidential maid Perrette, in her white apron and scarlet petticoat, gazing wistfully along the Delft road. As they drew nearer the girl retired, as if unwilling to be seen, took up her full pitcher which stood beside the well, and hurried in before them. The door of the great kitchen, which was the principal apartment in the rural homes of Holland, stood ajar; a bright wood-fire blazed in the wide chimney, and a tall pillar-like candlestick, with a flaming torch in each of its three branches, stood in the centre. Everything there, from the polished tile floor, inlaid with pieces of many colours about the hearth, to the long lines of tin and pewter

ware which, on all manner of pins and shelves, covered the snow-white walls, declared the oversight and industry of the active dame. There were evidences, too, of trade with far-off lands; the broad chimney-piece was covered with great ostrich eggs, painted cocoa-nut shells, and strange vessels of porcelain; the large Dutch clock had a case of ebony, and a Japanese cabinet stood in the opposite corner. Supper was over, but no time was ever lost in Von Gruter's house; at one side of the fire sat the two maids and the harvest women, some spinning, others knitting under the special superintendence of the dame, whose own fingers also plied the wires; at the other side all the men-servants were busy on ropes, baskets, and matting, the eldest son, Philip, leading their operations, while Simon himself smoked in great state on his accustomed seat within the chimney. The Anslers were received graciously by Simon and his wife, who guessed their errand, and had long hoped to secure their farm and services.

They were a money-getting, money-saving pair. Simon was keen in bargain or speculation, hard to hoard and anxious to gain. The dame had a mighty esteem of her own rank, riches, and house-keeping; but beyond these, her fifty and her husband's five-and-fifty years had passed without thought or endeavour, except that Simon had a strong taste for polemics, and prided himself on his orthodoxy, which he thought became a rich man. The expected proposal was not long under discussion, though Simon made some demur regarding the orchard and meadow, which he wanted also, and reduced the mortgage money considerably below Adam's estimate; the farmer was on the whole pleased to have his honest old neighbour for a sort of upper servant, and Dame Von Gruter promised herself great things from Mauricene's experience and willing hand in the dairy. Matters were thus arranged, but Adam still sat talking with old Simon on the state of the harvest, while Mauricene heard from the dame a full account of all the cheeses she had made that year, when, with a low knock at the still open door, to which Perrette's eyes kept constantly turning, there stepped in, evidently much to the maid's disappointment, a ragged way-worn man, who bowed low to the master of the house, and inquired, in an accent unusual with Delftland peasants, if he wanted a man to help in the harvest work?

"I am not sure," said Simon, who had been complaining of the scarcity of labourers. "What wages would you expect?"

"I am poor, and a stranger in this province," said the traveller. "Give me what you think sufficient for my work, and I will stay with you all the winter."

"Well, friend," said Simon, taking a long whiff, while his eye twinkled in prospect of a good bargain, "that's just your winter's victuals: we don't much like strangers in these parts; but as it's right to be charitable, you may sleep in the back granary and have your meals as long as you work honestly."

The stranger, who indeed seemed easily satisfied, agreed to these conditions, saying, at the same time, that he was hungry and had travelled far. The second maid, Sybil, at the bidding of her mistress, rose to get him some remnant of the

supper, when the door again opened, and his parents welcomed their youngest and favourite son Hatto, from a visit to his uncle at Delft.

Perrette also welcomed him with extraordinary joy, and flew to prepare his supper; and the young man, carelessly greeting his brother and the Anslers, seated himself by the fire.

"What news, Hatto?" inquired old Simon.

"Not much," replied his son. "They talk of nothing at Delft but the heretic Skelling. He has made his escape from the castle of Leyden, where they shut him up for life, and has been preaching through all the east country. The stadtholder has set the price of twenty thousand guilders on his head; and some say he has gone northward to hide in Friesland."

"I hope the wretch will be taken," said Simon. "These Arminians are the plague of our country."

Reader! in those days the protestant churches had cast off the supremacy and superstition, but not the persecuting spirit, of Rome. A bigot zeal for abstruse and difficult doctrines too often forgot or superseded the practical teachings of the gospel. Almost since the Reformation, Holland had been divided by a fierce dispute on the mysterious subject of divine fore-knowledge and decrees. On that, numerous volumes had been written, and bitter controversies carried on, till at the famous synod of Dort, about two years before the period of our story, the Arminians were denounced as heretics, and the sword of justice invoked to extirpate their creed and people from the land. Thus men were persecuted, instead of being won over by the mild voice of affection and charity. Doubtless the suffering sect were not free from faults; in some points too, perhaps, their views were not, some may think, free from a tinge of error: but there were learned and pious men among them, one of whom was the noted preacher Skelling. For years he had laboured in the rich and trading city of Amsterdam, insisting not so much on his own peculiar doctrines, as on "temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come;" but he rebuked with more zeal than prudence the vices of individuals in power, and was in consequence arrested as a heretic, tried, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Leyden. The news of his escape was displeasing to Simon Von Gruter, for he was one of that class, still too common under all forms of faith, who made orthodoxy a substitute for heartfelt religion. Moreover, Simon was not a little proud of his controversial knowledge: it was the only diversion he allowed himself from the service of Mammon, and all who differed from the church in which he had been a deacon for the last seven years were regarded as his natural enemies. His household understood this, and the preacher's escape was freely commented on; but the days were dark, and all spoke in the master's vein except the tired stranger, who ate his supper in humble silence, and Mauricene, who reminded them that Christ forbade his disciples to use the sword, and said his kingdom was not of this world; whereon Simon remarked in wrath that such matters were beyond the comprehension of women, an opinion in which Adam Anslers freely concurred, for he was in the habit of thinking that his wife had too much religion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DAY AT A COTTON MILL.

ABOUT five miles from Huddersfield, in a valley at the foot of the backbone mountains of England, stand the Meltham Cotton Mills, the village of Meltham being half a mile higher up, upon the very edge of the wild moorlands which stretch, with little interruption, from thence into North Britain. The scenery in the immediate neighbourhood of the mills is very varied, and presents many features of woodland beauty, which are heightened by the contrast of the black and savage moors, which come sweeping down to them from the neighbouring hills. The valley is well cultivated, blooming with corn-fields and rich pastures, and made merry with babbling brooks and the song of birds. All the region round about the mills, and, indeed, for many miles round Huddersfield, has been reclaimed within the last sixty years. Manufacturing enterprise has changed the entire face of the country, and seated its large human population upon lands formerly covered with bog and heather, and inhabited only by grouse, and the weird fires over which Will-o'-the-wisp presided as king. Factories have sprung up, outrivalling the stories of eastern palaces and oriental splendours which many of us loved to read in our youthful days;—factories, shooting up skyward, lighted by innumerable windows, range above range, and containing within them wonders such as the eastern world never dreamed of in its wildest flights of fancy; machinery, doing the work of men without hands or feet; making broad-cloths and cotton fabrics, silk and fancy goods, to clothe naked backs in all quarters of the globe; whilst thousands of men, women, and children have little else to do but superintend its operations.

Nearly the whole of the population of the village of Meltham, and its environs for several miles, is employed in the Meltham Mills. These mills consist of an enormous pile of buildings, which stretch their huge length along the valley, and have a very imposing appearance as you come suddenly down upon them from the "Isle of Syke," and those vast moorlands, before alluded to, which lie on the plateaux of the adjacent hills. There is nothing flimsy and weak about them; all is solid and massy, as if they were erected, like the old Saxon castles, to endure for ages. One magnificent chimney shoots up in the foreground, high above them, the top of which is visible at a great distance. A beautiful church, founded and endowed by Joseph Brook, esq., deceased, who was one of the most gentle and beneficent of men, stands on the slope of a hill, as you enter the village, not far from the noble hall, and almost within the precincts of the park, where one of the proprietors of the mills resides. The parsonage-house, surrounded by trees, and overlooking the valley, is situated within a short distance of the church, and a handsome school-house not far off—where the children belonging to the mills are educated—complete the external features of Meltham Mills, and the neighbourhood.

We will now conduct the reader through the mills themselves; and that he may have as clear an idea as we can convey of the process which the raw cotton undergoes before it is finished on the spools, we will commence at the COTTON STORE, that is, the room where the cotton is stowed in bales as it

comes from the plantations. We will then follow it through all the stages of manufacture, until the process is completed.

Imagine, then, a large room, in the lower part of the mill, filled with these long and tightly-packed bales, the growths of the southern states of America, of the West Indies, and of romantic Egypt. In those remote regions, sundered by prodigious distances, hundreds of slaves have toiled under burning suns to produce this cotton, that hundreds of freeborn men might convert it into threads at Meltham Mills! And here it is at last, stowed carefully away for this purpose, after witnessing many painful scenes where it was grown, and enduring many stormy tossings during its voyage, which, if all could be written in detail, would make the cotton manufacture the saddest of histories. Let us examine, however, some of the bales, and think as little as possible of their antecedents. See, here is a specimen of Egyptian produce, and a very poor material it is. Take hold of it, and pull it to pieces. Do you not see how short the fibre is, and how full of dirt, chips, and gins, is the whole batch! It seems impossible ever to convert it into twist fit for the delicate fingers of a fair lady to handle; and yet I have no doubt it can and will be done. We shall see by what process hereafter. In the meanwhile let us try another bale. Here is a handful of what is called "Sea Island Cotton," and what a contrast it presents to the other! Mark how beautifully white it is, and how fine, long, and silky is the fibre. This is the prince of all cottons, and the material which is chiefly used in the mills. You see, however, that it is not free from many admixtures of dirt and chips; and now we will witness, in another room, the process by which it is cleaned.

Observe that curious machine, which those men and boys are feeding with the dirty cotton; samples of which we have just seen. It contains two eight *cutchers*, or blades, which revolve 1600 times per minute, and the cotton is fed into these, and held fast by two pairs of rollers, the blades striking against it at such a distance as enables them to open up the cotton, and separate the larger chips and foreign substances which are mixed with its fibres, and these fall to the bottom of the machine; the cotton, thus partially freed from its incumbrances, is now carried forward to another roller, and undergoes a further cleansing, until it is finally driven down into a great basket at the end of the machine, and carried off to receive a more complete and satisfactory dressing. This is the first process in the manufacture. And now mark that, although vast quantities of this dirty, dusty cotton are constantly subject to this operation of cleaning, there is neither dust nor dirt in the room. The air is quite clear and healthy. Where, then, does the refuse go? By a very simple and beautiful contrivance, it is all driven up a pair of tunnels, running from the machine into a cylinder placed in the roof, and is carried thence into a chimney outside the building. This is effected by means of a very ingenious contrivance of fans, which has saved many thousands from premature graves; the process of cotton dressing being formerly as inimical to human life as the trade of the Sheffield grinders.

Let us now go to another machine, and witness the second process of cleaning, which consists in

taking out all the small nips and shorts from the long cotton. This operation is performed pretty much in the same manner as the former, the cotton being fed in by rollers, and placed upon huge cylinders or combs, by a series of cylindrical brushes; the combs are then carried round one by one, and brought under the action of a *beater*, holding fast all the long fibres, whilst the *beater* frees them from the shorts, when they are stripped off on the other side, to be ready for further use. This machine answers the same purpose as the *combing machine* used for wool.

We now come to the *blowing machine*, where we see numbers of men engaged in subjecting the cotton to a third process, similar to that which it underwent in the first machine, only this blowing Boreas being much larger and finer set, the opening is more minutely done. The cotton is now delivered, you will observe, in the form of a *web*, and wrapped round a roller, freed from most of the dross that was originally mixed with it. The rollers are then carried to another machine, where they are doubled three together, and passing through another eight *cutcher*, are again formed into a web, and wrapped round a roller, being made by this process as even in every square inch as possible, so that they will fill the card equally without choking it. See what piles of these rollers stand there, in their white jackets, ready to be carried to the *card room*; and from thence to be doubled upwards of thirty-five millions of times, and twisted and twirled by remorseless spindles, before they have been tortured into twist, and made ready for the market. Let us follow them.

Open that door in the side wall; but be careful, or you will tumble down—down thirty feet below. What see you there? A square tube, running from top to bottom of the mills, with a moveable floor exactly fitting it, which rises or falls as required by means of ropes and pulleys. See, the floor is now far down below where we are standing. Give the signal. Lo! up it rises, with a man to direct its movements. Now it is on a level with us. We step upon it, and in a few seconds are carried to the *card room*.

What a strange and wonderful sight bursts upon us! The room runs the whole length of the building, and is full of machinery, which really looks alive, and seems as if it could talk. What a roar of wheels and humming of spindles salute the ear! and how complicated is the work going on here! Yet all is accurately and beautifully done, without confusion, without rest or haste. Hundreds of hands, most of them girls from fourteen to twenty, are busily engaged in their several departments, watching the machinery, feeding it, and instantly joining the broken ends of cotton. Not a moment is lost; every eye is vigilant, every hand active. Let us see now what they are doing with the cotton rollers, specimens of which we saw below.

The machine to which they are now put is called a *breaker*; it consists of rapid rollers, and a large cylinder covered with card sheets, with moveable tops. These sheets contain thousands of sharp iron teeth, so nicely and accurately set that they catch every fibre of cotton, and separate them film from film, laying them longitudinally to each other. A smaller cylinder of the same description is placed

in front of the large one, and set so close to it that it draws away the cotton in regular proportions as fast as it is fed into the machine. It is finally drawn away from this cylinder by means of a comb, and delivered in a long tin case, in beautifully white streams about two inches wide. It is then carried to the *lap machine*. From twelve to twenty-four cans are placed behind a pair of rollers kept down by levers and weights; and the cotton is spread out like the warp of a web, and rolled firmly upon another roller, in order to go through another process of carding, called *finishing*. The finishing cards contain about 700 teeth, or points, to every square inch, and the fibres are here thoroughly and finally separated. They are then carried off in a long thin web through the delivering roller into another pair of rollers, when each inch of cotton is drawn into lengths of two inches, uniformly from end to end. The cans are all filled with these long streams, which have been delivered into them by the *finisher*; and here, close at hand, is another machine ready to receive them. This is called the *drawing frame*, and you will observe that it contains four separate divisions, each alike. Six of the cans are placed against the *frame*, and six ends, one for each can, are put into the backmost roller in the first division. You will notice that there are four rollers in all, at small distances from one another, each of them, from the back to the front, going round a little quicker than its neighbour; so that the front roller will revolve six times for one revolution of the back roller. The consequence is, that every inch of cotton taken in by the back roller is drawn into six inches by the front roller; so that the *six* ends put in behind come out in the form of *one* end in front, of the same thickness and weight as each of the *six* ends; or, in other words, as one single end, as it came from the cards. This process is carried on through all the four divisions; and after passing through them all, and being doubled 186,624 times, the cotton is still of the same thickness and weight as it was at the beginning of the doubling and drawing operation.

But mark what a change has taken place in its appearance. When it was put into the cards it was coarse and rough, with the fibres pointing in all directions; but now it has assumed the lustrous appearance of silk, every fibre lying smooth and straight, and all in the same direction. It is now in a fit state for further operations. You will observe that it is in one endless length, but still thick enough to bear its own weight. Now before it can be drawn much finer, some means must be adopted to make the fibres hold together. In its present state, there will be about 100 yards to the pound; but it cannot be drawn out to eight or ten hundred yards unless some means can be devised to make it hold together. How then is this to be accomplished? Let us go forward to the *slubbing frame*, and the difficulty will be solved.

A row of cans stands behind it, filled with cotton in the state we have described above. The *frame* has three lines of rollers for the purpose of drawing the riband, or stream of cotton, out into a "*roving*." A series of "*flyers*" is also fixed upon revolving spindles, with *bobbins* upon these spindles to receive the rovings. As the cotton is delivered from the front rollers, it passes through the *flyers*, and is wound round the *bobbins*, receiving at the

same time its proportionate quantity of *twist* by the revolution of the flyers. The bobbins are regularly carried up and down by mechanical contrivance, so that the rovings are uniformly laid from end to end of the bobbins, at equal distances to suit their diameters.

Take a bobbin from the frame, and examine it. It is so soft that you can press it flat with your fingers; but it is so equal and level, that every part of it contains nearly the same number of fibres! And now listen to this astounding fact. The roving on this bobbin has been doubled 746,496 times since it left the *bag*, and it is eight times smaller than when it left the *cards*. You will see that there is no more *twist* put upon it than is just necessary to keep it from separating, and straining its parts by its own weight; and this twist is the sole secret of keeping it together, which was the difficulty that startled us, when it left the *finishing* machine. It is now about one *hank*, or 840 yards to the pound.

The bobbins are now taken forward, and put through a similar machine to the last, but smaller and finer in its parts. As the rovings are getting finer, the bobbins are made lighter, and smaller in proportion. The rovings undergo here another doubling, two of them being made into one, which is then drawn out by rollers four times longer than the former; and after this process is accomplished, it is put through a third and fourth, growing finer and finer as it advances, until it passes through the last frame in the card room, when every pound is made into thirty hanks, containing 25,200 yards of roving, which has now been doubled no less than 3,981,312 times!

It is now ready for being spun into fine yarns, and we must follow it, therefore, from the card room to the spinning room. As it is too much of a toil to climb the long range of steps to the next room above, suppose we mount the "*hoist*" again, and make the steam horse pull us up. So here we are in a room filled with *spinning-jennies*. These machines differ considerably from the former, as the yarns are here finished, and receive all the twist necessary to fit them for any purpose they may be wished to be applied to. The "*rovings*" are here also doubled into the rollers, and drawn out to ten times their original length. They are built upon spindles, and then doffed off by the hand of the spinner. It is scarcely fifty years since yarns were spun only by hand, one thread at a time; but now one man, assisted by three boys, can keep 1200 or 2000 spindles going at once, each spindle producing a thread! Look at those before you: how smooth they are! how level! the fibres all twisted firmly together, making the thread strong and elastic. Here is a cap finished, and just taken off the spindle. It is solid and hard, containing 3000 yards of yarn, and weighs about one-third of an ounce!

The most wonderful, however, of all the machines in these wonderful mills is the *self-acting spinning-jenny*, which performs all the operations alluded to above without any help from the hand of man. We must look at it, and so mount our steam horse again, and rise to the next room. There it is at full work, no one helping it—the dumb machine doing as it were both the thinking and the labour. How cunningly it is devised! how admirably it

performs its duties! It never makes a mistake, and is never wearied; but continues to work all day long in the same precise, accurate, and methodical manner. It has taken twenty long years of thought and toil to bring it to the state in which you behold it. All the motions are performed with an exactitude that no manual labour can equal. The yarn is spun, twisted, and rolled on the spindle; the cap is built in its proper form; and all these operations are carried on by the agency of that shaft which you see, and its dependencies.

Let us now follow the caps to another part of the works. Look you, here is a large iron chest, or rather a great cistern, piled with baskets full of them. What is going to be done with them now? We shall see. The doors are suddenly closed, and the cistern is thus made air-tight. A man near by turns a tap, and there is forthwith a rushing and roaring of steam as it penetrates into the cistern, and through every fibre of the yarns, softening and moistening them, so that they will not double up and kink when they are made into twist. They are now taken out, and are ready for winding on the bobbins, whilst they are yet warm and moist. We shall not, however, pause to describe this process. One hundred bobbins are filled at once, each of the same length, when they are doffed off by the girls, and put into a basket to be further dealt with. The operations seem endless, and no one would imagine that it required so much trouble and skill to make a spool of cotton. There is no time for reflection, however, and we are hurried along by the never-ceasing machinery to the next process, by which the yarn is turned into thread.

This is carried on in a large room, containing 13,000 spindles, which are superintended by young girls, whose pleasing faces, picturesque dresses, and active movements, increase the animation of the scene.

After undergoing this process, the bobbins are carried to the *reeling room*, to be made into *hanks*, which is done as follows. The machine consists of a long-spoked cylinder, fifty-four inches wide, with spindles attached, upon which the bobbins are placed, perpendicularly to the reel, so that they turn round and unwind as the reel revolves. The ends of the thread are fixed to the spokes of the reel, which carries the thread along with it during its revolutions, and forms it into a hank or skein, with any number of threads in it which may be required, the number being regulated by an *index* placed on the axle of the reel, so that the reel may be stopped at any moment.

The hanks are now taken to the *bleaching works*. Many hundredweights of thread in hank are scattered in piles around the room, according to the different stages through which they have passed in their progress towards bleaching. See, here is a batch of brown thread, just as it came from the hank reels. It is now thrown into a huge caldron full of boiling water, with soap and potash dissolved in it. It remains there until nearly all the colouring matter in it is discharged, when it is taken out, well washed, and afterwards put into a large vat filled with water and chlorine, where the colouring matter is changed by the acid. After steeping for some time here, it is again

taken out, washed well, and put into a solution of sulphuric acid and water. It is afterwards washed with pure soap and water, so that every brown speck is taken out of it; and, as a final process, it is drawn through a vat of clear spring water, mixed with the extract of indigo, so that the white ground may appear clear and brilliant. It is now subjected to *hydraulic pressure*, freed from all superabundant fluid, and carried from thence to the *stove*, where you see it hanging upon poles until it becomes dry, being literally "white as the driven snow."

We must now follow it again to the mills, where it will have to be regularly ironed. This is done partly by machinery. There are two powerful dressing machines, with triangular pipes attached, filled with steam, and two rollers moving perpendicularly up and down. A number of girls, busily engaged in their various occupations, are near it; and one amongst them takes hank after hank of the thread, and puts them over the end of the pipe and roller. The latter moves upwards and downwards as before described, stretching out the thread from the pipe, until every crease in it is drawn quite smooth, and the whole hank is made straight and lustrous. It is now passed over to a table in the same room, where it is separated into smaller heads, neatly doubled up in hank, and packed in parcels of ten pounds weight each, when it is ready for the market.

The process by which the thread is wound upon spools, or balls, such as are purchased in shops, is also a very interesting one; but we have already gone sufficiently into detail. We may remark how gratified we were to observe the care taken to give the public exact measure, a notice being posted up to the following effect:—"NOTICE.—Winders shall pay one shilling for every bobbin that has two lengths less than ordered, and sixpence for every bobbin that has more than ordered. Those who are habitually guilty of these irregularities shall be discharged."

Such is a sketch of this wonderful process of cotton-spinning. It would have been easy enough to have written a lighter and more dashing article about it, but the object has been to describe the manufacture, and to convey some idea of the complicated machinery used in it. Little do the ladies of England imagine, as they sit at work in their quiet parlours or magnificent drawing-rooms, at sewing or embroidering, how many thousands of persons are employed, how many hundreds of thousands of pounds have been expended in machinery, to provide for them the material of their occupation.

The general appearance of the hands—men, boys, and girls—employed in this manufactory we found very satisfactory, both as regards health and dress. As regards the schools attached to the works, we never saw pupils better trained. Their qualifications varied from simple addition up to algebra; and there were pupil-teachers in the schools who were really master of the first four books of Euclid. Their geographical and historical attainments were equally creditable. The whole scene was well calculated to disabuse a visitor of the error once prevalent, that there is a necessary connection between manufactures and moral and intellectual degradation.

THOUGHTS FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

OPPORTUNITY is the flower of time. The ancients painted it as an old man, bald behind, but with a lock of hair in front—implying that the present moment should be seized as it passes, and diligently improved. Standing lately in the hall of the London Post-office, near the hour of the despatch-box closing, we watched with interest the loads of letters and newspapers which poured in. A crowd gathered around; faster and faster came the stream; every eye was fixed on the dial-plate, and, as the last note of the clock striking six rung across the lobby, the receiving-box was closed with a loud crash that echoed through the hall. At that moment a cab drove up in haste; a young man, with a large bag full of letters, stepped out. He was a minute too late; the opportunity had gone, and his chagrined looks told the disappointment which he felt.

Too late! too late! Oh! if it be thus with the things of time, what must it be with the things of eternity? Look up, dear reader; see how fast run down the grains of time from the sand-glass of life. Few, perhaps, may remain. Flee, then, now to the Saviour; repent, and believe the gospel. Ah, what must it be to awake in another world, to find the gates of heaven closed, time over, the sand-glass run down, and the soul not saved!

"What would lost souls," says a writer of the seventeenth century, "give for a little of that time they had on earth? If the Lord, by divine and extraordinary dispensation, would but grant them one month's time to come hither again, and to make a new trial, do you think they would not prize the grant? Would they not esteem that little golden season of grace at a high and mighty rate? Would they not embrace every opportunity to flee to the Saviour, lay hold of heaven, and escape the unquenchable fire? Oh, yes! If you would tempt them, saying, Come spend this hour in sinful pleasure, would they not answer, Alas! we have but one month's time to live here in this world, and then we must either return to the regions of despair, or, if we improve our time well, ascend to heaven. Shall we trifle away this time of trial and season of grace in offending God? Shall we cast away our souls again to gratify you? Oh, God forbid! Avoid Satan; avoid all temptations! Welcome now all those messengers of heaven that will bring us the glad tidings—the offers of Christ and his salvation. Let not one hour in the sand-glass run down till we have fled for refuge to the Saviour, and cast ourselves in faith upon his righteousness and atoning sacrifice. Let each hour, then, be spent in doing good—in heartfelt prayer—meditation—in hearing God's word; but let not one be spent in sin. Thus would they prize and improve the time, because they know its worth by woful experience. Oh! it is so precious, that all the earth, if turned into gold, could not buy one minute of it."

"Life is the season God has given,
To flee from hell and rise to heaven;
The day of grace flits fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay."



VISIT TO A REPTILE-ROOM.

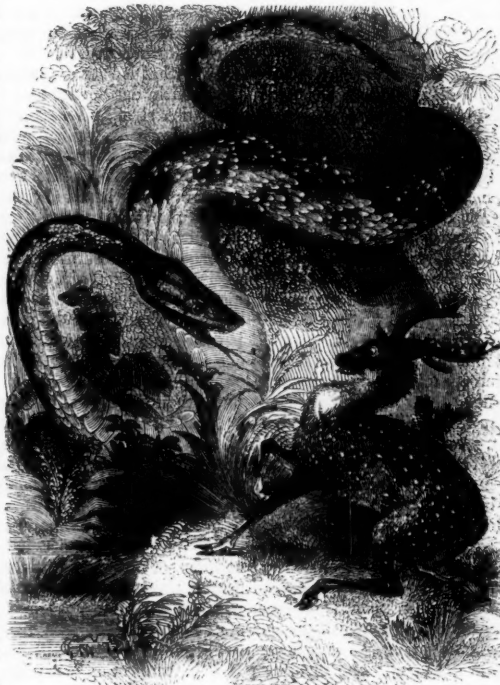
THE accompanying sketch represents the Reptile-room of the Zoological Gardens, to which additional interest is now imparted by the accident to the keeper of the snakes, which occurred from his rash familiarity about two months ago. We are induced to reprint the following narrative from the pages of an extinct periodical, as being new to the majority of the readers of the "Leisure Hour."

About thirty years ago, a reptile of a deadly class, (a rattle-snake, if we remember rightly,) was

exhibited in London. One day, its keeper having handled it, we presume, incautiously, was bitten by it, and died of the wound. The attraction to an idle populace was irresistible. Multitudes flocked to see a live snake which had actually killed a man. In the letters of the late Charles Lamb, mention occurs of an exhibition of reptiles in the English metropolis, to which he paid a visit, in the year 1800. The passage is so curious, that although it is probably a little coloured by the writer's poetical imagination, we transcribe it for the entertainment of our readers: "There is," he says, when addressing a country correspondent, "there is an exhibition here quite uncommon in Europe—a live rattle-snake, ten feet in length,

and the thickness of a man's leg. I went to see it last night, by candle-light. We were ushered into a room very little bigger than ours, at Pentonville. A man, woman, and four boys live in this room, joint tenants with nine snakes, most of them such as no remedy has been discovered for their bite. We walked into the middle, which is formed by a half-moon of wired boxes, all mansions of snakes, whip-snakes, thunder-snakes, pig-nose-snakes, American vipers, and this monster. He lies curled up in folds; and immediately a stranger entered (for he is used to the family), he

set up a rattle like a watchman in London, or near as loud, and reared up a head from the midst of these folds like a toad, and shook his head, and showed every sign a snake can show of irritation. I had the foolish curiosity to strike at the wires with my fingers, and he flew at me with his toad mouth wide open: the inside of his mouth is quite white. I had got my finger away, nor could he well have bit me with his big mouth, which would have been certain death in five minutes. I forgot, in my fear, that he was secured. You would have forgot too, for it is incredible how such a monster can be confined in small gauzy-looking wires. I dreamed of snakes in the night. I wish you could see it. He absolutely swelled with



THE BOA, OR PYTHON.

passion to the bigness of a large thigh. I could not retreat without infringing on another box; and just behind a little snake, not an inch from my back, had got his nose out, with some difficulty and pain, quite through the bars. He was soon taught better manners. All the snakes were curious, and objects of terror; but this monster, the rattle-snake, swallowed up the impression of the rest. He opened his mouth when he made at me, as wide as his head was broad. I hallooed out quite loud, and felt pains all over my body with the fright."

It has only been lately that even in the gardens of the Zoological Society an opportunity existed of seeing reptiles to advantage. The boa constrictor—the animal alone—so far as we can recall to mind, then exhibited to public view, was encased in a box covered with wire, upon opening the cover of which there was seen at the bottom a slimy mass, only partially distinguishable, and which bore little correspondence to the ideas which the visitor had formed from the narratives of travellers, of the far-famed king of the serpent tribes. Now, however, all has been altered. An apartment, designated the Reptile-room, has been erected, and furnished in a manner which affords the visitor every opportunity of examining the properties and habits of some of the deadliest species of snakes, with a feeling of perfect security.

I gradually succeeded in finding my way to a portion of the reptile-room, less crowded than the entrance. It was an apartment of moderate dimensions; and the reader who has not paid it a visit, will form a correct conception of it, if he figures to himself a room, one half of which is fitted up with large cabinets, fronted with plate-glass, the remaining space being principally occupied by boxes of a smaller size, not fixed against the walls, and by small jars containing toads and frogs of a rare species. On looking into the compartment opposite which I found myself, I saw that the branch of a tree filled the body of it. Coiled on the floor, like a cable on shipboard, reclined a large spotted reptile, its thickness somewhere about that of a man's arm, and its length, judging from appearances, about fifteen feet. It needed not the scientific term fixed above the case to show that this was one of the python or boa species. It was a very fine specimen of that class, and recalled to memory, as it reclined in its sinuous folds, a hundred stories which boyhood had treasured up of its wonderful strength. As I stood looking at it, the monster uncoiled itself, and slowly crawled to its dish of water, which it lapped with its biforked tongue. By a few boards, it is separated from a serpent of a similar or allied species, kept in an adjoining cabinet. All risk is, in consequence, avoided of the recurrence of a singular casualty which happened in the gardens some years ago. Two boas or pythons, it appears, were kept in a cage together; one of them had made a sumptuous meal on some Guinea-pigs. The next day, the keeper, when examining the apartment, found that this boa had disappeared. From its lethargic habits after meals, it was highly improbable that after making its supper so heartily, it could have crawled away anywhere, even had escape been practicable. The mystery was a perplexing one. At last, however, the solu-

tion of it was found. The remaining boa, although not recently fed by its keeper, was observed to manifest signs of having made a very comfortable repast. It lay bloated and torpid. The secret was out; it had swallowed its friend, and thus, by a summary process, had secured not only him, but the Guinea-pigs and rabbits which he had previously devoured.

Turning round to a cage behind, two green serpents attract our attention. They are short, and their bodies terminate abruptly in a small tail. A gentleman happens to be holding a piece of coloured paper to the glass, and one of the reptiles, attracted by it, puts his head forward, as if he were some domestic animal about to feed from the hand. How gracefully it glides along! The eye is almost puzzled to detect its gradual motion! Sis Joshua Reynolds, or some other artist of his day, in a picture of Innocence, represented a child holding out his hand to play with a serpent, in ignorance of its deadly properties. The snake before us might also have stood as the artist's type, so beautiful, so gentle, so little invested, apparently, with dangerous qualities. This mild-looking reptile, however, is one to whose tenderness we should be sorry to entrust ourselves in its native wilds. It is the puff-adder of Africa, having, as its name imports, the property of inflating itself when provoked to anger. It has also the dangerous habit of turning round suddenly upon its assailant, and inflicting its bite. From its fangs the Bushman extracts the deadly mixture of poison for his arrows. Emblem of gentleness and innocence that we took thee for, it is well that in thy case, too, a stout partition divides us from thee! One fact only, for thy credit, we record, that thou art slow to attack, and only dost so when attacked thyself.

But what is this inhabitant of the reptile world, who, with dark skin and small black gleaming eyes, lies stretched at full length, looking maliciously from his prison, as if he bore no goodwill to the surrounding spectators? No one, at least, would take you as the type of gentleness. On your front you bear too conspicuously the marks of vengefulness and enmity to the human race. I was not mistaken in my estimate of the reptile's character. If liberated, its presence would most assuredly have rapidly cleared the too crowded apartment. It was no other than the deadly cobra-capella, whose bite, as all my readers know, is certain, if not almost instantaneous, death. At the time I looked at it, it lay along with its companion, (for there are two of them,) quiet enough; but sometimes it is not so tranquil.

A couple of weeks before my visit, as a lady, known to me, was passing it, something about her dress had apparently excited its antipathy, for it made a spring forward against the glass, having only the satisfaction, however, of knocking its own head for its pains. The mark of its hood you can easily trace; but to see it to advantage, it must be inflated. It is of this animal, if we recollect aright, the anecdote is recorded, of the gentleman who was bit by it having the presence of mind at once to seize a hot iron from a camp fire, and to hold it to his limb until the parts were cauterized. It is in connection with the cobra, also, that the story is told of the soldier who was visited by one

in bed, and who had the presence of mind to lie as if inanimate while it crawled to and fro across his face. Sir James Mackintosh's garden, in India, used to swarm with these reptiles. If such be the accompaniments of oriental flower-beds, commend me, dear old England, to the humbler productions of thy gardens; a rose may there be plucked without a deadly cobra being found coiled beneath its leaves.

In an adjoining box, curled in a dark repulsive mass, lies another serpent. The keeper, to please some more than usually favoured visitors, stirs it with his rod, and a whirring sound, something like the rattling of small shot among paper, is caused by the vibration of his tail. You do not require a further description. It is the well-known rattle-snake of America. To see it to advantage, you must meet it in its native woods; then you will understand aright the title of *horridus*, which naturalists have bestowed upon some species of it. The little Carolina rattle-snake is, we are told, the most dangerous kind. Some American farmers, according to a recent periodical, are in the habit of clearing their ground of this and other reptiles in a singular manner. A particular portion of the grass in their fields is allowed to remain uncut, and in this the snakes gradually congregate, finding its shelter agreeable. Woe to that sportsman who, attracted by the pursuit of game, should venture within "the snake's grass," as it is termed. His life would most probably pay the forfeit of his rashness. At a certain period of the year, when the inclosure is presumed to be full of serpents, the grass is set fire to on all sides, and the reptiles are burned alive.

Our space, however, warns us to be brief; and we must content ourselves with recommending the reader to pay a visit to the place itself. In one of the cabinets, we may add, will be seen lurking in a layer of sand, the horned asp, with which Cleopatra terminated her career of guilty splendour. In a box at the spectator's feet will be seen also some long snakes, of a particularly thin appearance, not unlike we may fancy that one which the Jesuit missionary picked up in a heathen temple, imagining it to be a coach-whip, from its resemblance to that object. In another part of the room, an English snake, coiling round a bush, shows the visitor that England's contribution to the reptile world is comparatively small and innocuous. Beautiful green lizards, others of a more repulsive form, the salamander, and many objects of a decidedly interesting character, must be left undescribed.

HOME! SWEET HOME! OR, MY LODGINGS IN LONDON.

PART II.

NUMBER eight, the next room to Pannel's, was the abode of a neat and dapper little old gentleman, who was in some sort a boarder as well as a lodger—taking most of his meals with the landlord and his wife, and invariably dining at the Sunday ordinary. He could not have been far from seventy years of age, and he had spent the last thirty years of his life in litigation, in the vain attempt to establish his claim to a fine estate in Gloucestershire.

Law expenses had eaten up his revenues and reduced him to the limits of a small annuity, which it was not in his power to make away with, or he would certainly have sent it on the same errand. Thirty years of delay and disappointment had not apparently diminished his hopes and expectations: he was still confident of success, but was yet in search of the right man to conduct the suit. My landlord introduced me to him as a person who would be glad of a job, and he employed me in his own room to copy documents to be put into the hands of counsel for their opinion. He would no longer trust the original documents out of his hands, it having cost him, he said, upon a former occasion, nearly two hundred pounds and a wearisome law process to recover them from a rogue whom he had been induced to consult, and who was in the pay of the other party. According to his own account, he had been victimized to an enormous amount by all the rascals in the legal profession. They had eaten up his private fortune, which at one period brought him in five hundred a year; and they had done nothing but retard his proceedings, and by retaining his papers, under some pretence or other, had prevented him from coming to a trial. All he had now to show for his lost patrimony was the opinion of twenty different counsel, some of them the very first in the profession, and all without a single exception confirming the legality of his title to the estate in question, but very few of them holding out hopes of eventually recovering it. In this latter particular he differed from them in toto, and was determined to try the issue so soon as he could meet with a competent lawyer, who would undertake the cause on its own merits, on the principle of "no cure, no pay." But though he had been driven to adopt this principle, it did not save him from expense: he could not rest unless something was being done in the business, and was continually anxious for new opinions from counsel which should accord with his own. He read every law report he could lay hands on, and knew the triumphs and failures of every barrister in the kingdom of any note, and ardently desired to enlist every rising man on his own side. He had made up his mind, he said, in case the thing went on ten years longer without coming to a head, to throw it into Chancery before he died; and leave his only son, who was thriving in business in his native place, to fight it out under the protection of the Lord Chancellor. His lawsuit was a monomania with him; he could talk or think of nothing else; and while talking of that, which he could almost do for the twenty-four hours together, he was in his glory. If it made him poor, it made him happy; and I sometimes thought it might be a question whether the possession of the estate would have yielded him more real satisfaction than he enjoyed from the excitement of the hopeless pursuit in which he had been so long engaged. When I knew him, it was plain that being no longer in a condition to consult men of eminence in their profession, he had fallen into the hands of pettifoggers, who, if they did him and his cause no good, amused him with idle expectations at a cheaper rate than he would have got them for from the men of the long robe. In person he was small and well-shaped, particularly neat and prim in his dress, and a model of politeness and kind-

ness towards all in the house, most of whom had, in some way or other, benefited by his patronage.

Next door to this gentlemanly litigant, in number nine, dwelt the medical practitioner of a very limited district. He was a gaunt and haggard-looking man in shabby black, of about fifty years of age, with shaggy eyebrows, from which a few long hairs projected forward as long almost as the whiskers of a cat, and with a long and narrow nose having rather suspicious symptoms of inflammation at the end of it. He was a man of very few words, unless when suffering under the operation of certain medicines self-administered from a suspicious black bottle, on which occasions, which were all too frequent for his interest and reputation, he was very talkative and quarrelsome, and given to invade the premises of his neighbours, from which none but the landlord himself could induce him to retreat. He had a bell at the side of the street door, surmounted by a small brass-plate inscribed "Dr. Carboy's Bell—Pull hard." Whenever the doctor was heard above in a fit of the "tantrums," it was the practice of the landlord, who was usually smoking his pipe in his parlour below, to step out and obey the injunction of the brass-plate, pulling very hard indeed, and not ceasing till the noise was silenced, or the doctor made his appearance below. His landlord had given him notice to quit fifty times, but the doctor had made up his mind to stay where he was, and it was no easy matter to get rid of him. He dispensed his own prescriptions, and had a regiment of phials and bottles of goodly size ranged along the wall of his chamber. He had the reputation of skill in his profession, having wrought many cures in the house, and banished the landlord's hereditary gout. He had been surgeon on board ship for a good many years, had travelled to almost every clime, and picked up a great deal of information; but the melancholy habit of drinking had ruined his character and prospects, and lodged him in a single chamber on the second floor of a populous lodging-house, filled with the struggling classes.

Numbers ten and eleven were both occupied by a widow and three daughters, all of whom made a decent, indeed respectable appearance, and were on terms of close intimacy with the landlord's wife. The daughters left home early in the morning, and did not return until late, sometimes very late, in the evening—probably working hard at the needle in some dress-maker's establishment. During their absence the mother kept a little day-school in one of the apartments; the pupils, among whom were the landlord's children, nearly all of them residing in the house. She was well qualified for the work of teaching, being a woman of good practical sense and even temper; and having once moved in a genteel sphere of life, she had become a kind of oracle and general referee among the female inmates of the house. The doctor stood in awe of her; she was always first consulted in case of sickness among the women and children. Mr. Carboy was never called in but upon her recommendation, and she had more than once called in the apothecary from the next street when dissatisfied with the condition of the resident practitioner—preferring a sober apothecary to a drunken Esculapius. Mrs. Reed, for that was the name of the schoolmistress, and her daughters had a friend and

pretty constant companion in the occupant of number twelve, a maiden lady in reduced circumstances, who having passed her life in the capacity, now of a governess, now of a "companion," had been driven to retire at fifty upon such small savings as she had been able to effect, supplemented by still smaller earnings derived from the manufacture of fancy articles, the principal materials of which were narrow coloured ribbons, perforated card-board, paper shavings of all hues, strips of gilding and tinsel, shreds of white satin and bran, from the baker's over the way. Poor Miss Figgins carried on no very great trade in this branch of manufacture, but it was very little she wanted: she had been condemned to a water beverage and a vegetable diet by decree of her medical man. She was a customer in a very small way to Pannel, who occasionally washed in small gaudy landscapes in water-colours upon certain specimens of her handwork. Upon ordinary occasions, Miss Figgins, who took an astonishing deal of exercise both in-doors and without, flitted along the passages and up and down stairs with the rapidity and stealthiness of a cat, and was dressed perpetually in a close-fitting brown stuff gown, enveloping her tall figure to the chin. Once a month, however, Miss Figgins emerged from her brown covering, like a butterfly from its chrysalis shell, when an old-fashioned coach drove up to the door, having a real old coachman who wore powder on the box, and an undeniable footman in dark-grey livery behind, and stopped for just two minutes in front of the parlour-window, while the footman descended and opened the coach-door and pulled down the steps. Then, with solemn and dignified pace, Miss Figgins came forth quite in a different character from that of the last four weeks. She was dressed on these occasions, as the landlady used to remark, "as well as e'er a lady in London, and looked more like a lady than half an 'em." She wore a flashing black satin dress, draped with a handsome India shawl, and a bonnet which, not being sufficiently versed in the mystery of female dress, I cannot pretend to describe. The same carriage brought her home again in the evening at an early hour. These periodical visits, which were looked forward to with anticipation and enjoyed with real pleasure, were no doubt a mark of respect for her past character and conduct from some one or other of her old patronesses, and they had the effect of securing her a degree of consideration among her fellow-lodgers which she might not have enjoyed without them.

We must now ascend another flight of stairs to the next, which was originally the topmost story of the house. Here a very different scene awaits us. There are seven rooms besides the slip of a closet which it is my lot for a time to inhabit; two of them are small chambers lighted by windows pierced in the roof, and the whole are peopled by a colony of men, women, and children, from thirty to forty in number. The men are one and all independent tradesmen, pursuing their avocations in the bosoms of their families, and rarely coming forth from their dens, save unhappily to visit the beer-shop at a late hour in the evening, or to carry home their work and purchase new materials on the Saturday. There is a shoemaker, whose lapstone wakes me up at five o'clock in the morn-

ing, and is sometimes the last sound I hear before I drop off to sleep at night. He has a wife and four children to accommodate in a room at the utmost not more than twelve feet by eight. There is a tailor, who, being perpetually employed in patching, keeps his goose continually hot, and sings the whole atmosphere of the upper floor to a degree which, before one gets naturalized to it, is anything but pleasant. He too has four children, all professionally ragged, and a slattern wife, who is on bad terms with Mrs. Slender, the wife of the shoemaker. There is a show of peace between these two only so long as their husbands are at home. When the men are out, and the children in bed, the women give way to a bout of scolding. There is also a barber and wig-weaver, who, compared to the shoemaker and tailor, leads quite the life of a gentleman. He is off at seven in the morning, armed with razors and curling-irons, to shave and dress his private patrons, among whom he must make a pretty extensive round, as he is never home until past noon; then he seats himself to the serious occupation of constructing a wig—it may be a counsellor's from the hairs of a horse's tail, or it may be an old gentleman's brutus, painfully built up from the curls of some penniless maiden who has parted with her long locks for the means of purchasing a meal. He has a quiet wife, who can work at wig-weaving when her unweaned baby will go to sleep or submit to be nursed by the eldest girl, which is not very often. Then there is a door-plate engraver, a man with a repulsive aspect, who shaves but once a month, and never washes his face unless it be in "beer," for a pot of which, so as he is, he sends his black and bare-armed apprentice regularly four times a day. He is the terror of the children on the stairs, three of which are his own, though the care of them is delegated to the wife of the barber, his own better half being absent four or five days in a week in the pursuit of some profitable calling. This couple might live with ease and comfort in better lodgings if they chose, but they have no sense of respectability, and prefer the indulgence of their appetites to any other pleasure. They revel in hot suppers sent in from the cook-shop, and appear to take a miserable pride in piling up outside their door the empty pewter pots they have drained in the course of the day, and which the apprentice amuses himself by rolling down the stairs to meet the potboy on the second landing as he goes his rounds.

The largest room on the floor under consideration is occupied by a couple with a very large family, the number of which I could not accurately state, and who are all supported by the manufacture of labels for shopkeepers' windows. The head of the family is a man whom to meet casually you would take for a forlorn and lonely misanthrope, so dismal, down-cast and woe-begone is the expression of his countenance. He spends a good part of the day in travelling about in search of orders, and sits up half the night to execute them. He struggles hard to maintain a decent appearance, and has long brushed himself completely threadbare, without having caught a glimpse of a new suit in perspective. Two of his children go to school with Mrs. Reed below, and other two assist him at his work, filling up with ink the large out-

lines of words and figures which he first draws correctly. There must be two or three more among the group at play upon the common stairs. His wife is the slave of the needle, and is seen incessantly patching, contriving, and cobbling some small garment for which there is an immediate and urgent necessity. She is endowed with a more cheerful temperament than her husband, and bears up bravely under the load of responsibility which matrimony has piled upon her shoulders. She might grieve perhaps, occasionally, at the hard fare and harder prospects of her numerous offspring, had she leisure to do so; but, like the mariner who is obliged to bale perpetually to keep his cockboat from sinking, she is so constantly occupied with her indispensable services, that she has not time to discover how inexorably tyrannous they are. Her smiling face is almost the only cordial in which the poor man, her husband, can afford to indulge; and it is all the more to her credit that it should continue to smile, in spite of the melancholy response it meets with in his own.

The small room next to the label and ticket writer's is nominally the abode of a very extraordinary personage, who, however, is very seldom to be found within it—Nurse Newman. She is sobriety itself, and neatness, cleanliness, patience, and good-temper into the bargain. Being a woman of large philanthropy, she takes pleasure in studying the good of her neighbours; and, like a liberal creature, leaves her own room when she does not occupy it, which is five-and-twenty days out of every thirty, for the use of her neighbours.

The only person remaining to be noticed on this floor is a policeman; who, with a wife and a couple of infants, occupies a small room with a skylight. How he contrives to sleep as he does, for seven or eight hours together in the middle of the day—with the clicking and hammering of the door-plate engraver on one side of him, the slapping of the shoemaker's lapstone on the other, the noise of the children all round him—is a question best answered, perhaps, by a man who has been parading on foot during the whole of the night. He is a civil and quiet fellow, and his presence is looked upon as a sort of protection, and a kind of surety that, come what may, the peace will not be broken under the eye of a functionary whose business it is to preserve it. He is an industrious fellow to boot—and to boots he devotes his industry, working for a few hours every day upon a stool on the landing-place, with a monstrous pair of wooden tweezers three-quarters of a yard long between his knees, by the aid of which he stitches or "closes" neatly together certain portions of the fabrics indispensable to gentlemanly feet. Our landlord and he always exchange a significant nod when they meet, and the landlady is condescendingly polite to the policeman's wife.

As the reader may be well nigh out of breath by this time, I will not ask him to ascend any higher. There is, however, another flight of steps—not stairs—wainscotted off on the right of the little closet in which I am myself boxed up. It leads to a chamber in the sloping roof, tenanted by a rather suspicious-looking character in velvet and Bluchers, who is a pigeon-fancier by trade, and who, unless I am grievously mistaken, has a decided and unmistakeable fancy for every breed of pigeons.

The window of his apartment opens upon the roof, upon which he has erected a variety of small platforms of lath and deal boards, and covered them with a number of cages, most of which bear a marvellous resemblance to traps. I am woken up every morning by the cooing and rooping of his numerous feathered family, which, notwithstanding that he kills as many as he can cram into his pockets—and that is not a few—two or three times a week, does not appear to decline in numbers. I have a lurking suspicion that he preys upon other peoples' pigeons besides taking care of his own—a practice which prevails so much in town, that pigeon-keepers should be on their guard against it.

Besides the populous floors above described, there are two or three nooks upon the staircase, tenanted by single men—one of whom is my friend the carpenter—and a middle-aged, brawny, fiery-tempered woman, who passes her life in a continued tempest of scouring, scrubbing, dusting, and water-carrying; being employed by the landlord to keep up something like an appearance of cleanliness in the house, and to wait upon the first-floor lodgers.

Such is a pretty accurate description of the first home I possessed in London. It was a sore change to me, from the quiet rural cottage in the outskirts of my native town, and for the first fortnight I resolved daily to abandon it the first opportunity. Habit, however, accomplishes more marvels than it has the credit of doing; and long before I had obtained employment I had grown reconciled to my quarters. Before the end of the second month, I got into good employment with a carver and gilder, through the interest of Mr. Pannel; and ere the third had elapsed, had repaid my old master the loan he had advanced me. The cold weather now set in, and I found my closet no longer tenable, and moved off at the beginning of November to snug winter quarters in a quiet family. The house above described is no longer in being; and before closing this paper I may as well record the crowning events of its history.

It happened, that while the litigating old gentleman was waiting one day, in the office of a parliamentary agent, for an interview with the principal, he fell into conversation with a clerk who was copying a plan. The plan, which, with his insatiable curiosity for everything of the kind, he closely examined, was one of certain metropolitan improvements then in contemplation, in which a new street was marked out running clean through the site of our landlord's lodging-house. Of course, the latter was not long kept in ignorance of this; he took no steps immediately upon this information, but calling upon the member for his native town, in which he still retained a vote, contrived to extract from him a confirmation of the fact. He was, however, no sooner satisfied upon the subject than he set to work at once. Forth packed his immense family of lodgers at a week's notice; down came the enormous building, amidst a volcano of dust that stifled half the neighbourhood for a fortnight; and up rose in its place, within four months, a magnificent erection in a florid style of architecture, five stories in height, ornamented with bas-reliefs without and with cornices and gilding within. It was the admiration of the whole neighbourhood for a few short months—and then vanished like a bubble, as it was, before the

advance of the new improvements—the commissioners for which had to pay a swinging sum to the speculating proprietor; who, being his own builder and contractor, could, as he said with perfect truth, "pitch the penalty to his own tune." Commend us, however, to honest poverty rather than to a fortune acquired by such an exercise of skill.

THE LIFE OF A REMARKABLE MAN.

It was a pleasant summer's evening, not very many years ago, that a friend and myself, delighted to escape from the stifling in-door heat, sallied forth from our lodgings at Sidon in Syria, and sauntering leisurely through the dark and in many parts dilapidated old streets, issued out into the country, and passing from one cheerful scene to another, found ourselves at length seated upon a newly-raised tombstone in the pleasant-looking churchyard belonging to the Roman Catholic mission here established. The reader may start at my terming a churchyard "pleasant-looking;" but, to appreciate the phrase, he must travel through Turkey and Syria, and look at the graveyards, which, like so many gardens, adorn the suburbs of the various cities and towns. Here the choicest flowers are carefully tended, the most ornamental trees raised; the grass is trodden and nibbled by cattle, like some vast carpet dotted with snow-white tombstones or the gaudy crimson of the poppy; add to all this, the merry warbling of the birds, the cloudless sky, and the bright sunshine—and then confess that the dead have a pleasant-looking home in Turkey. In the east, the burial-place is the favourite resort of the living. Relations love to congregate there, to cull sweet flowers, and gather bouquets to strew over the stone or the mound of earth which covers what once was so dear to them. The merry games and loud shout and halloo of children may also often be heard; the whole scene presenting a striking contrast to our gloomy crowded London churchyards.

Such was the burial-ground where we were seated on the evening in question.

"I wonder whose tomb this can be!" I said, pointing to one immediately before me; although so absorbed was I in the scene around me, that I spoke more in a sort of soliloquy than as expecting any answer to my question.

"Whose tomb?" cried my friend, whose ear had caught my inquiry. "Whose tomb? Why you surely don't mean to say that you are so ignorant of the lions of Sidon as all that?"

I tacitly acknowledged my want of understanding on the point.

"Why," he continued, "that is the only monument raised to commemorate the name of a man who, in my opinion, had the same opportunity been presented to him, might have equalled a Napoleon or a Wellington. This is the last resting-place of the once great General Loustaneau."

On urging my companion to be more explicit, he at length agreed to give me a brief retrospect of the life of this man; and, such as it was, I now proceed to lay it before the reader.

Loustaneau (so commenced my friend) was born of humble parents at Aideus, in Basses-Pyrénées.

Of his early life little is known; but, like many great men, as a child he was in all probability no bright phenomenon. Be this as it may, he was evidently innately endowed with a love for adventure and travel. Whilst quite a youth, urged on by the poverty of his parents, he resolved to seek his fortune in foreign lands, and thinking that America held forth the greatest inducements, determined on proceeding there with as little delay as possible. With this intent, he packed up his little all, and proceeded to Bordeaux. Whilst here, he was fortunate enough to meet with M. de Saint Lubin, who was then on the eve of sailing for India, commissioned by Louis XVI to propose a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Mahrattas against the English. Young Loustaneau sailed with St. Lubin, and in 1778 found himself in the Mahratta territories. The Mahrattas were then at war with the English, and Loustaneau, wishing to join the former, got introduced to M. Norogue, a Portuguese by birth, and the general commanding their forces. This officer received the young Frenchman with civility, but Loustaneau's youthfulness debarred him from obtaining any command. He was nevertheless attached to the army, and accompanying it witnessed its many defeats, most of which he attributed to the want of generalship in Norogue. After various engagements between the English and the Mahrattas, in all of which the latter, though vastly superior in number, were routed with much loss, a favourable opportunity at last occurred for the untried soldier to evince his skill. The peshwars had entrapped the English into an unfavourable position, which would admit of their being outflanked by the superior numbers of the Mahrattas. Notwithstanding all this, the English had entrenched themselves in a position whence their batteries committed great havoc, and the Mahrattas would inevitably have been routed as usual, had not Loustaneau's quick eye detected a height which commanded the English entrenchment. He at once suggested to Norogue the necessity of taking advantage of this fact; but the general, old in years and in military tactics, treated the suggestion with scorn. Loustaneau, indignant at this conduct, immediately repaired to head-quarters, and made known to the peshwar that, if he would give him command of some guns, he would forfeit his head were the issue unfavourable. Three thousand horse and ten guns were placed under his orders. The star of Loustaneau, to use Napoleon's favourite phrase, was in the ascendant—the English were worsted; and from that hour forward the young Frenchman made rapid strides towards fame and wealth. Loustaneau was summoned before the peshwar, received kingly gifts, was exalted in rank, and soon commanded a troop of 2000 horsemen. I imagine, said my narrator, here pausing for breath, that from that period Loustaneau studiously occupied himself in acquiring a knowledge of the manners, customs, and superstitions of the Mahrattas; and how well, for his own selfish purposes, he turned this knowledge to account, will be seen in his subsequent career.

Loustaneau, with his two thousand troopers, took active part in all the subsequent battles; till, at the affair of Chassepachree, whilst pursuing the routed troops of the East India Company, a stray cannon-

ball hit Loustaneau's left hand, and carried away half the thumb and all the fingers. This accident was the making of Loustaneau. The stump was no sooner healed than he sent for a cunning silversmith, and had a cleverly constructed silver hand made. This having been fitted on, he appeared, for the first time after his long illness, on parade at the head of his troops. No sooner had Loustaneau presented himself, than a Mahratta priest, doubtless by a preconceived arrangement, prostrated himself before his horse's head, and cried out, with a loud voice, that the prophecy recorded in the temple of the god Siva was now fulfilled, because it was written thus: "*That the Mahrattas were to reach the zenith of their glory under a man who, coming from the far west, should have a silver hand and prove invincible.*"

This was sufficient for a superstitious people; and Loustaneau became amongst them a sort of demigod. Presents poured in like hail—diamonds, rubies, and endless precious stones; he lived, in all the splendour of royalty, in a palace only inferior to the peshwar's, and his stud consisted of 30 elephants and 150 horses, all elegantly caparisoned; his body-guard was 2000 men and four pieces of cannon; and the peshwar, the more to inspire the people with fearless courage, caused two colossal silver hands to be planted in front of Loustaneau's palace, that they might understand the virtue of the man that was commander-in-chief of the Mahratta armies. One might imagine, to use a heathenish form of expression, that fortune could carry her favours no further; that she would here plant Loustaneau, and leave him to revel in his princely estate. Not so, however; another war broke out. Loustaneau was again successful; and, on his return to Agra, he was received amidst acclamations and rejoicings such as befitted a king, whilst the ruling peshwar openly declared him, before an immense assembled concourse, to be "The Lion of the State and the Tiger in War."

In private life, Loustaneau is said to have been domesticated, kind, and lavishly generous. He married the daughter of a French Indian officer, by whom he had two sons and several daughters. He had served the Mahrattas eighteen years, when, at the suggestion of his wife, he resolved upon returning to France to have his children educated, and to enjoy the fruits of his toils and many perils. At the age, therefore, of 38 or 39, Loustaneau, who had quitted France barely twenty years old, as a young penniless adventurer, returned once more to his native country, a tried and valiant general, and master of a fortune of about 8,000,000 of francs, besides wealth in diamonds, precious stones, and jewellery.

And now, to continue a common but incorrect style of expression, fickle fortune, who had been so lavish of good gifts, turned her back upon Loustaneau, never more to return. From the day he quitted the Mahratta territories his reverses seem to have commenced. He only escaped shipwreck, and a disagreeable seven months' voyage round the Cape, to find, on his arrival in France, that such was the depreciation of the bonds and bills that he had transmitted to his agents, that his 8,000,000 of francs had dwindled down to only 2,000,000. This first blow made a terrible impression on his rather irritable temper; he still, however, was pos-

sessed of a considerable amount in diamonds, and turning these into cash, he purchased an estate at Tarbes, where he settled with his family of two sons and three daughters. Soon after this his favourite son died, and poor Loustaneau's grief on the occasion was such, that he laboured under insanity (from which he never perfectly recovered) for two years. When partially restored, to divert his mind from the painful theme, he occupied himself in constructing iron works on the frontiers of Spain, superintending in person his engineers. Three years elapsed, and he was about to reap the fruits of his labour and expenses, when war broke out, and, upon the first discomfiture of the French troops, the Spaniards utterly destroyed his buildings and annihilated his hopes. Loustaneau now supported himself almost entirely by the sale of a few costly jewels, which he disposed of one by one to meet the wants of his family; he became also subject to a fresh fit of insanity, till, in 1815, his only surviving son, who was a captain in the army and served at Waterloo, was dangerously wounded. This shock had the extraordinary effect of restoring Loustaneau's energies, and he determined upon making one bold effort to rescue his family from utter penury, by returning again to India, where he had left very considerable estates. His son, who had recovered from his wounds, begged hard to go in his stead, but this Loustaneau would not consent to; and in 1816, when verging upon his sixtieth year, the poor broken-up old general set out for Egypt, in the hopes of reaching Agra once more. His plans, however, were once more frustrated. Not finding any opportunity of proceeding by the Red Sea, poor Loustaneau crossed over to Syria, intending to join the caravan from Damascus to Bussorah. He had reached as far as St. Jean d'Acre, when he was seized with a dangerous fever. Delirium ensued; and, in one of his paroxysms of insanity, he reduced himself to utter penury by the destruction of all his bills of exchange and other very valuable papers. At that period there were no European agents at Acre, and Loustaneau, no longer 'The Lion of the State and Tiger in War,' but a poor tottering crazy mendicant, was forced to toil, with a parcel of Arabs and Turks, as a day labourer, to earn a miserable meal.

It was in this state that he was found by a worthy Syrian gentleman, a M. Catafago, many years British vice-consul at Jaffa, who relieved all his wants and took him under his especial care. Whenever poor Loustaneau talked of his past estate and greatness, Catafago and all his hearers set it down to his insanity. From a feeling of curiosity, however, inquiries were set on foot, and letters written, according to Loustaneau's directions, to parties in France; though none, save the old man, ever supposed they would be productive of an answer. This was in 1818; and, much to the astonishment of Catafago, the letters were answered by Captain Loustaneau coming in person to Syria, where he found his unfortunate father nearly bereft of his senses. The captain wisely determined to remain in so cheap a place as Syria, where his crippled finances could easily maintain himself and his poor half-witted parent. What became of the rest of the family no one in these parts knows.

Soon after Captain Loustaneau's arrival, Lady

Hester Stanhope heard of the extraordinary old general, and courteously invited both father and son to take up their abode at Djoune, her ladyship's isolated stronghold. This invitation was accepted, and Captain Loustaneau was duly installed as factotum in her ladyship's household.

Little now remains to be told. Captain Loustaneau died in 1825, and was buried in Lady Hester's garden, and General Loustaneau's insanity became more intense after his son's death. Amongst other strange hallucinations under which he laboured, he once imagined himself to be called to give battle to Buonaparte, who, he said, as anti-christ, was again upon earth. In 1831, he declared himself to be the future king of Jerusalem. This declaration brought him into an immediate collision with his eccentric—and may we not almost call her half-witted—patroness, who determined to have Loustaneau removed to a little house fitted up for him at Abra, a village on the road to Sidon; she never, however, withdrew her support till the day of her death, which happened in June, 1839.

Once more poor old Loustaneau was thrown upon the cold charity of the world—insane and bent down with cares and old age, for he was now in his eighty-first year. The French consul at Sidon kindly took him under his charge; and the poor old man of sorrow, at momentary lucid intervals, might be heard exclaiming, "I was 'The Lion of the State and the Tiger in War;' but now, alas! I am a beggar." What a lesson of the mutability of earthly things! Happy are those who have got their affections fixed upon a heavenly kingdom.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE RESPECTING THE SENSATION OF LIGHT.—Mr. Jones, in a recent paper before the Royal Institution, remarks, that the sensation which we experience in consequence of an impression upon the eye is called light, and the external agent which commonly causes the impression is also designated by the same name. But the sensation and the external agent, which, by its impression on our optic nerve, excites in us the sensation, are totally different things. Some years ago a remarkable medico-legal case occurred in Germany, in which the sensation of light excited by a blow upon the eye was confounded with the agent light. In this case a worthy clergyman was assaulted one dark night by two men, one of whom struck him on the right eye with a stone. By the light which streamed from his eye in consequence of the blow, the clergyman alleged that he was able to see and recognise the man who committed the outrage. The question whether this were possible having been raised, it was referred to the official district physician, who thought that there was some probability in the clergyman's allegation, though he did not fully admit it. Professor Müller, of Berlin, in commenting on this curious case, very justly observed that, if the physician had pressed upon his own eye in the dark, and tried to read by the light thereby emitted, he would probably have come to a more decided conclusion.